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Title: Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 694

Author: Various

Editor: Robert Chambers

Editor: William Chambers

Release date: October 9, 2014 [EBook #47083]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Susan Skinner and the Online Distributed  
Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

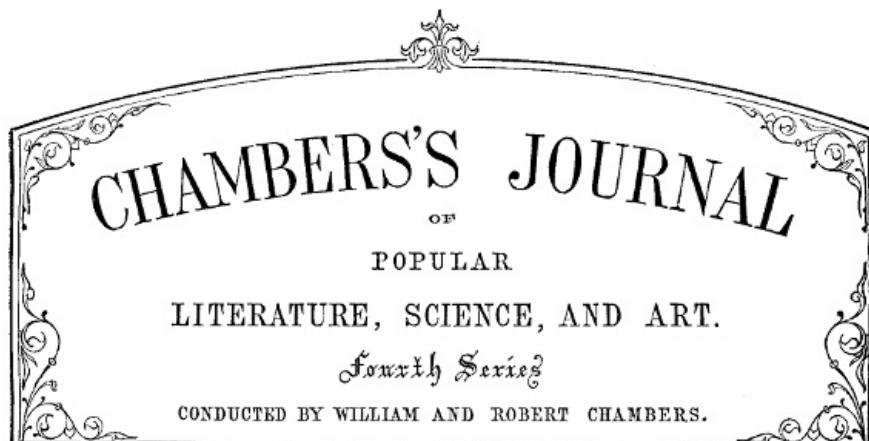
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LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 694 \*\*\*

**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
OF  
POPULAR  
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No. 694.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

PRICE 1½d.

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## THE COMING OBELISK.

FOR more than fifty years we have heard of projects for bringing to England the prostrate obelisk lying on the sandy shore of Egypt at Alexandria, and popularly known as Cleopatra's Needle. Every successive scheme of this kind has come to nothing. When the French army quitted Egypt in 1801, the British officers, wishing to have some memorial of the victories of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, claimed the prostrate obelisk as a spoil of war, and formed a plan for bringing it to England. A ship was obtained, a mode of stowage planned, and a jetty built between the obelisk and the beach. The Earl of Cavan, in command of the troops, headed the scheme; Major Bryce, of the Royal Engineers, worked out on paper the details of the operation; while officers and men alike subscribed a certain number of days' pay to meet the expenses. The obelisk was to be introduced into the ship through the stern port, and placed on blocks of timber lying over the keel. But difficulties of various kinds arose and the scheme was abandoned.

Eighteen years afterwards the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, presented the prostrate obelisk to the Prince Regent; the British government accepted the gift, but took no steps towards utilising it, being deterred by an estimate of ten thousand pounds as the probable cost of bringing the monolith to England. Thirty-three more years passed; the Crystal Palace Company was organising its plan for the costly structure and grounds at Sydenham; and a question was started whether Cleopatra's Needle would form an attraction to the place. Men rubbed up their reading to ascertain how the ancients managed to remove such ponderous masses as this. It is certain that the stone must have been quarried in Upper Egypt, and conveyed somehow down to Thebes, Alexandria, and other places in that classic land. Pliny describes a prostrate obelisk which was moved to a distance by digging a canal under it, placing two heavily laden barges on the canal, and unloading them until they were light enough to rise and lift the obelisk off the ground; it was then floated down the Nile on the barges, and landed and set up by the aid of a vast number of men with capstans and other apparatus. A plan was suggested to the Crystal Palace Company for bringing Cleopatra's Needle to England on a raft; but the idea was relinquished. Subsequently there were several projects for importing the obelisk; but they also fell through, after not a little eager expectation and talk. Thus, from one cause or other, the famed obelisk was left undisturbed, and what may be deemed British property still lies in a kind of buried state among the sands on the coast of Egypt. Luckily, it has not suffered injury by delay in removal. The stone is of a hard texture, and its entombment has been rather an advantage than otherwise. Although first and last there has been much said about Cleopatra's Needle, we shall attempt to give some account of it and of a freshly conceived plan for bringing it to England.

The ancient Egyptians excelled in the art of erecting magnificent temples, pyramids, obelisks, and other works in stone, all of which, or the ruins of them, fell into the hands of successive conquerors—Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and finally the Turks. Among the long roll of monarchs of the ancient Egyptians, one stands out conspicuously for grandeur of character and the splendour of his reign. That was Thothmes III., who flourished fourteen hundred and forty-four years before the commencement of our era, that is to say, three thousand three hundred and twenty years ago. He ordered to be executed two obelisks of gigantic dimensions for the City of On, or City of the Sun, the name of which was changed by the Greeks to Heliopolis, a word signifying the same thing. During the lifetime of Thothmes, the obelisks were cut out of the quarries of Elephantiné, which consist of the rose-coloured granite of Syene, or Es-souan. These obelisks were to be set up in front of the Temple of the Sun, and in however mistaken a way, must be viewed as a pious tribute to the Almighty, personified in the Sun as the author of Light and Heat, the fructifier and sustainer of animal and vegetable existence.

The preparation of the two obelisks was the work of years. Before their completion, Thothmes III. had passed away; and the honour of setting them up in their appointed place belonged to one of his successors, Rameses II., familiarly known to us as Sesostris. We can fancy the imposing ceremonies which took place in erecting the obelisks in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Both obelisks were inscribed with hieroglyphics, signifying that they were erected to the god Ra, or the Rising Sun, and to Tum, or the Setting Sun, which identify them with the most ancient and perhaps most poetical superstition in the world. To these hieroglyphics were added others by Rameses II., commemorative of certain military conquests.

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And where is now Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, at which these grand obelisks were set up and venerated by the ancient rulers of the country? It is extinct. As in many other old Egyptian cities, its dwellings, built of unburnt bricks, have long since crumbled into heaps of dust. Its splendid monuments are destroyed or dispersed. When the Romans took possession of the country, the two obelisks that had been erected by Rameses II. in honour of the Sun were removed by the celebrated Cleopatra to grace the Cæsarium at Alexandria about the year 40. There, near the shore, they were set up. One of them remains where it was placed, and is a well-known landmark. The other fell, from what cause is unknown, and there it has lain till our times.

Such in brief is the history of Cleopatra's Needle. It is upwards of three thousand three hundred years old; and whether standing or lying, it has been at Alexandria for at least eighteen hundred and thirty years. How along with its fellow it was transported from Heliopolis to Alexandria, can no more be known than how the Pyramids were built. Doubtless, there would be an enormous expenditure of human toil; but at the time that was not regarded. Unfortunate beings captured in battle were condemned to slavery, and if they perished in dragging huge stones, no one cared. If Cleopatra's Needle could speak, it would tell of cruelties of which we can form no adequate conception.

The two obelisks were nearly of the same dimensions; and standing in their original position in front of the Temple of the Sun, they must have had a most imposing appearance. The prostrate obelisk, square in form, measures sixty-eight and a half feet long, six feet eleven inches wide on each side at the base, tapering to four feet nine inches near the summit, whence it narrows to a pyramidal point called the pyramidion.

We may have a pretty good idea of its appearance from that of the Luxor obelisk, set up on a pedestal in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, which is the same shape, and measures seventy-two feet three inches in height, exclusive of the pedestal of fifteen feet, and weighs five hundred thousand pounds. The cost of removing this obelisk from Luxor, near Thebes, to Paris, was about two millions of francs, or eighty thousand pounds. It is a handsome monolith, of reddish Syenite, but unfortunately it is damaged near the top, and suffers from the bad taste exhibited in the pedestal on which it was erected in 1836. In Rome there are a number of obelisks of different sizes that had been brought from Egypt by the Romans. Europe may be said to have come in for a fair share of these ancient monuments. There is room, however, for one more—Cleopatra's Needle, which, had matters been managed rightly, should long since have been brought to England and set up in the metropolis.

This brings us to the project now set on foot by Mr Erasmus Wilson, an eminent surgeon in London, and who has munificently undertaken to be at the entire cost of bringing the obelisk from Alexandria. The idea of doing so arose, as Mr Wilson explains in a letter to a friend, in having had a communication from General Sir James Alexander, C.B. 'He, Sir James, recounted that he had paid a visit to the prostrate obelisk at Alexandria in the spring of 1875, with the view of ascertaining its state of preservation and the possibility of bringing it to London; that he stripped it of its covering of sand, and found the column uninjured, and that he felt assured that its transit might be safely accomplished; that all that was needed were the means of defraying the cost, and the determination to bring the undertaking to a successful issue; that he contemplated for this object to obtain the interest of the city of London and the government; but that, although he had secured the co-operation of the Metropolitan Board of Works for a site on the Thames Embankment, he had made no substantial progress.' Mr Wilson goes on to explain what he did in the circumstances. 'On the 7th of December, I had a conversation with Sir James Alexander. He was very anxious to succeed in his object, and he mentioned a plan proposed by Mr John Dixon, C.E., whom I promised to see. At my interview with him, I listened to his plan. He explained the position of the monolith, within a few yards of the sea, and the ease with which it could be inclosed in a cylinder, rolled into the water, towed to the harbour for the purpose of putting on to it a keel, a rudder, and a deck, and then ballasting it to a proper depth of flotation. The process required care, nicety, and judgment, but was evidently sound and practicable.' The professional advice Mr Wilson received helped to confirm this opinion, and he finally resolved to enter into a contract for the safe transport of the monolith. Mr Dixon was willing to limit the cost to eight thousand pounds; but to leave no room for failure, it was agreed he should receive ten thousand pounds on the safe erection of the obelisk on the Thames Embankment within a specified period. A contract was entered into on this basis; Mr Dixon undertaking all risks.

We gather from Mr Wilson's letter that he had serious misgivings as to the success of a public subscription, and that after all it was a shabby kind of proceeding, unworthy of so great an object. In short, feeling he could afford the outlay, he took the matter in hand personally, and the element of expense was therefore at an end. Any other difficulty was removed by Mr Dixon receiving the concurrence of the government and of the Khedive of Egypt. 'I have,' says Mr Wilson, 'the assurance from Mr Dixon that the cylinder ship with its precious freight may be expected to float into the Thames in July next.' {227}

So far as we can understand the proposed plan, Cleopatra's Needle is to be fixed by cross divisions or diaphragms of wood in a cylindrical vessel of malleable iron plates. There will be seven diaphragms, and consequently nine water-tight compartments. For safety, the obelisk will be inclosed in wood, and well packed, a little below the central level of the vessel, which will be closed at both ends. When completed with the obelisk inside, the vessel will be about ninety-five feet in length and fifteen feet across. After being rolled into the sea, and towed to the harbour, it will be ballasted, and be provided with a keel, deck, sail, and rudder. For these operations, manholes will have been left in the cylinder. These holes will be opened, so that access may be obtained to all the compartments. There will be no part into which a man may not enter if necessary, until the cylinder is finally sealed up for floating.

When made thoroughly ship-shape and sea-worthy, then the vessel with its precious freight will set off on its voyage, under the charge of two or three skilled mariners, for whom a small cabin on deck will be provided. It will be towed the whole way by a steam-tug; the sail being simply for steadying the cylinder. The steam-tug, or with whatever other assistance that may be necessary, will tow the vessel up the Thames, and lay it alongside a convenient part of the Embankment. Where its precise site is to be has not, we believe, been determined. By the agency of hydraulic power, there will be no serious difficulty in raising it to an erect position on its assigned pedestal. There will, we think, be a concurrence of opinion, that no site would be so universally acceptable as on some conspicuous point of the Thames Embankment, where the effect towards the river would be particularly striking. What more fitting place of permanent repose than the banks of the 'Silent Highway' for the ancient symbol of contemplative veneration, the Divine Architect of the Universe, Ra and Tum?

A great day for the metropolis will be that on which this vastly interesting monolith is stuck upright in English ground! We can shew some minor works of art of perhaps as great antiquity, such as the stone axes of the pre-historic period, but nothing to compare with the product of

Egyptian civilisation something like four thousand years ago. Trusting that no untoward accident may occur to derange the plans for the maritime transport of this interesting object, there cannot but be a universal feeling of satisfaction at the gracious manner in which Mr Wilson has organised a scheme for effecting what has baffled everybody since the beginning of the present century. When there is so much begging of money for all sorts of objects, the heartiness of his spontaneous generosity will be frankly acknowledged.

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## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—MARIAN'S GENEROSITY.

MARIAN WAS, I believe, genuinely disappointed at Lilian's decision to leave Fairview and retire with her aunt to some cottage home.

'It will look so!' she ejaculated again and again; which words perhaps best expressed her sentiments upon the point. 'People might think I had not been inclined to behave handsomely towards you, you know; but I'm sure no one could offer more fairly than I do. There's the run of the place, and a carriage to ride out in, and your keep, and all that; besides two hundred a year to spend as you please. I had only two hundred a year to do everything with, you know, before Pa died. And if that isn't enough—well, I shouldn't perhaps mind saying'—

'It would be a great deal more than enough,' murmured poor Lilian. 'Only I must be with my dear aunt wherever she is, and she prefers having a home of her own, however humble.—Do you not, auntie?'

Mrs Tipper was very decided upon that point; and Marian did not object. 'Auntie' was quite welcome to consult her own taste in the matter. Indeed Marian was more ready to fall in with the little lady's desire to leave Fairview than it was under the circumstances quite polite to do.

'But for you, dear, it is altogether different,' she went on to urge. 'You are young, and have been brought up like a lady; and it really seems quite cruel for you to be going to live at a cottage, when there's such a home as this offered you.'

'I should prefer being with my aunt,' repeated Lilian, with flushed cheeks, turning her eyes, full of tears, lovingly towards the little lady, who nodded and smiled as though to say: 'Do not fear my being wounded by anything that is said, my dear. I shall only be troubled when you are.'

'You haven't tried it yet, dear,' sagely returned Marian; 'and you don't know what it is to live like poor people. Think better of it; and I will have a *distang-gay* lady to go about with us; and we will fill the place with company, and have lots of gaieties. Do, pray, think what you will be giving up, before you make up your mind.'

But she found that Lilian was not to be tempted; and Marian was at length brought to see that her arguments were of no avail. So I think she satisfied herself with the reflection that she had done all that could be expected of her, only stipulating that Lilian should acknowledge her generosity to 'people,' as she indefinitely termed the Fairview world.

'It is only fair that it should be made known that I was ready to act generously, you know.'

Lilian promised that it should be made known. Moreover, when at length matters were finally settled, Marian begged Lilian to take anything which she had a fancy for with her. {228}

'I mean, of course, the things that have been given to you, you know,' she said a little hurriedly, as though afraid that her generosity might be interpreted too literally; adding, with a little laugh: 'If you took *everything* you fancied, there would be nothing left at Fairview, I expect! But there; just say what is yours, and I will take your word for it!' she ejaculated, in another outburst of good-nature.

If it had been left to Lilian, very little would have been taken from Fairview. But it was not left to her; and Mrs Tipper and I were more business-like, and did not hesitate to secure for Lilian not a few valuables. That little lady recollected a great many things which had been named by Mr Farrar as gifts to his child. Fortunately for her, he had been in the habit of talking about any new purchases which he made to add to the glories of Fairview, as presents to Lilian. In fact, had we kept strictly to the letter of Marian's offer, and taken whatever had been given to Lilian, we might have carried away nearly everything the house contained. As it was, we did not scruple to claim a great deal. Her mother's jewellery; a nice little collection of pictures; the grand piano, which had been a birthday present; and an endless assortment of valuables, even to a new silver dinner-service. For the last, we were indebted to Saunders, who reminded Mrs Tipper and Lilian that Mr Farrar had mentioned at the dinner-table having ordered the new pattern expressly for his daughter, by-and-by, naming the cost. Poor Mr Farrar! it is pitiful to reflect how glad we were to avail ourselves of his little ostentatious speeches, for the benefit of his child.

But in spite of herself, Marian began to look very grave and anxious as one thing after another was eagerly named by the servants as 'Miss Lilian's.' They had got scent of what was going on, and were eager to give evidence of this or that having been given to her. She had made up her mind to be generous, and strove hard with herself. But when it came to be a question of a set of diamonds, she could control herself no longer, nervously questioning as to the evidence of its having been a gift to Lilian's mother. Was the inscription inside the case—'To my dear Wife, on our wedding-day'—sufficient to make the diamonds Lilian's; and would Lilian mind repeating his

exact words when her father put them into her hands on her last birthday.

'Of course I only want what is right; but she wasn't his wife, you know; so it couldn't be their wedding-day,' anxiously ejaculated Marian, her eyes dwelling fondly upon the jewels in their open cases.

Fortunately for us, Lilian fled at the first words, and we had Robert Wentworth to help us, so we battled courageously for the diamonds, and at length gained the day. Marian was obliged to yield, though she did so with a sigh over 'Pa's extravagance.' 'He never gave diamonds to Ma! Why, Lilian will have quite a large fortune to take away, with one thing and another!' Then, in reply to some allusion from Mr Wentworth about the fortune Lilian was *leaving*, he was sharply reminded that it was not hers to leave. 'People seem to forget that it's only my rights, and if it were not for my generosity things would be very different for Lilian.' For she was, I think, beginning to feel that her generosity was not sufficiently recognised, and it required some little encouragement in the way of being appreciated to keep it alive.

Meanwhile, Mrs Tipper and I were quietly at work in search of a cottage. We succeeded beyond our expectations; being fortunate enough to secure a pretty little place on the outskirts of a neighbouring village, at a very moderate rent, Robert Wentworth giving us material assistance in the negotiations. Having overcome the dear little woman's scruples about accepting half of my fifty pounds as my share towards the first three months' housekeeping, we gave ourselves up to the business of furnishing; and in this also Robert Wentworth was of much assistance to us, though I do not think that any one besides myself attributed it to anything warmer than friendship. Becky and I and a couple of work-people were busily engaged from morning till night in arranging and making ready, in order that no time might be lost in getting away from Fairview before Marian's good-nature altogether collapsed. Lilian was becoming very anxious to take her departure; and it was evident that to Mrs Tipper herself the change would be a very welcome one.

'To tell the truth, my dear, it will be a real blessing to me to live in a small house and be able to go into my own kitchen again,' she confided to me. 'You and the dear child will be the company in the parlour; and I shall make the puddings and pies, and know what's in them!' she ejaculated, enjoying her little jest.

Of course I did not mean to be idle, though I agreed that the dear little lady should reign supreme in the kitchen. Becky was to be our factotum; and very proud she was of the position, making it very evident that Fairview had altogether lost its attractions for her now. We began to plume ourselves upon having quite a little model home, where nothing but love and peace would be admitted. Ah me! it was as well we should think so!

It was a very pretty, if somewhat fantastically built cottage, which had been erected for an ornamental lodge at the entrance of a fine estate, the property of an old but impoverished family, which had been brought to the hammer, and sold in separate portions. The house itself—a fine old place, built in one of the Tudor reigns—stood on an eminence some two miles distant, and had been taken on lease by some benevolent lady, for the purpose of making a Home for girls who had suffered imprisonment, with a view to prevent their further degradation.

Our cottage was situated just out of the village, which lay in the hollow at the foot of the hill, on the side of which stood the house which I have mentioned as being visible from one part of the Fairview grounds, and which I so coveted for my married life with Philip. A little to the left, at the back of our cottage, still stood a portion of the fine old woods as they had been for many a generation of the A— family. The land on the other side of what had once been the avenue, had been turned into hop-fields and so forth. In front of the cottage, the space had been so much encroached upon that what had once been a fine private road was now but a narrow lane. Branching from that lane, on the right was the village, and on the left another lane leading to a field, through which there was a right of way to the railway station; and from the stile of that field ran two paths, the lane I have mentioned passing the cottage and on to the village; and another lane at right angles with it, leading through the woods.

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There was some little talk of *my* house soon being in the market, said the work-people, to whom I was curious enough to put a few questions about it. The lease was expiring, it seemed, and the present residents did not intend to renew it. This was news indeed. If, by good fortune, Philip arrived in time to secure it, how delightful it would be; the two others I most cared for in the world living so near us! How delightful to be able to shew my appreciation of the kindness I had received in some better way than by words! Then I pleased myself with another pretty picture of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth were the principal figures.

That Lilian would very long remain as depressed as she now was, I did not believe; her mind was a too healthy one for that. Indeed the reaction had already set in. After the first shock was got over, she was, I think, not a little astonished at the comparatively small amount of regret she suffered on account of the loss of her lover. It might be that she was beginning to realise the fact that her love for him had never really been what she had imagined it. In one point she was mistaken. She believed that he also had deceived himself, and was firmly persuaded that he did not love her and never had.

I knew that Arthur Trafford was in truth suffering the keenest misery in his efforts to tear himself away from her. He loved her better than all the world, except himself; and although he had not sufficient manliness and moral courage to make an effort in the right direction, I was glad to see he had the grace to be heartily ashamed of the part he was playing. I could not help being a little amused by Mrs Tipper's mild suggestions, in the midst of his wild ravings against his miserable

fate. Indeed her very practical advice about looking for work, and never blaming Fate or giving up hope as long as he had youth and strength and his two hands to use, was not the lightest punishment he had just now to bear, Lilian being present, sitting white and silent with downcast eyes. I think he was almost driven to the verge of entreating her to share his poverty and challenge fortune with him; but he did not get beyond the verge. Marian silently watched with keen eyes and heightened colour, and it was not difficult to read her thoughts. She still found her position at Fairview a somewhat anomalous one; and would continue to find it so as long as Lilian remained there; the latter being treated as mistress, and she herself as much as possible ignored by the servants.

It was, I think, some little relief to us all when the cottage was declared ready for occupation. Mrs Tipper and I contrived to spare Lilian the leave-takings and final wrench of separation from the home she had always been taught to consider her own. We invited her to go to look at the progress of our work; and once there, we hinted that she might just as well remain at the cottage. There need be no returning to Fairview unless she desired it. As we had hoped, Lilian was only too glad to avail herself of the suggestion; unconsciously shewing how much she had dreaded a parting scene. So we three took tea together in the little parlour, which was to serve as dining-room. Our drawing-room, as we jestingly called it, on the other side of the house, was left unfinished, for Lilian and me to arrange, according to our own taste—in truth to afford some occupation for the former's hands and thoughts, and to leave no time for dwelling upon by-gones, at anyrate for a while. Mrs Tipper and Becky had contrived to make it appear quite a festive occasion; the tea-table being spread with all sorts of little home-made dainties, which we felt bound to make a demonstration of enjoying, and I verily believe did enjoy a great deal more than we were conscious of doing, so pleasant was the contrast to the meals we had latterly partaken at Fairview. We could now freely shew our thoughts to each other, and that itself was no slight boon, after being obliged to pick and choose our words, as we had been in Marian's presence.

Afterwards I left Lilian with Mrs Tipper; I knew that she would put aside her own feelings in her desire to please the dear little mistress of the cottage, by shewing an interest in the arrangements which had been made, &c. And I had to set forth for Fairview again, in order to make the best excuses I could for Lilian's non-return.

I found Marian very much inclined to take offence at the method of quitting Fairview. Of course she would have sent Lilian in the carriage in a proper way; and she ought to have been allowed to shew people what her feeling in the matter was. 'Going off in that way makes it look as though I had not been inclined to treat Lilian handsomely; and I call it very unfair towards me!'

I intimated that Mrs Tipper and I had hoped to spare Lilian's feelings in leaving the home she had been taught to consider her own.

'But I think *my* feelings ought to have been consulted too, Miss Haddon. It's all very well to talk of Lilian's feelings; but it is not fair to let people think I don't want to do right,' she repeated, walking to and fro amidst her gorgeous surroundings. 'Of course they will think so now she has gone off in that way, and all my generosity goes for nothing! Besides, I was not prepared to be left alone in this sudden way, the servants all as upstart and impertinent as ever they can be. And I haven't been able to engage a lady-companion yet.'

In truth, Miss Farrar—I suppose I must give her the name now—had found well-born ladies (she had made it a *sine qua non* that the lady she sought should be well-born as well as everything else that was desirable in a companion) were either at a premium just then, or they did not incline towards Fairview, for she had not as yet succeeded in finding one after her own heart. In her difficulty, she extended the olive-branch to me; beginning by a little pointedly reminding me that the burden was already heavy enough upon Mrs Tipper's shoulders, and opining that I should no doubt be glad of something to do.

'I shouldn't mind paying you a pound a week till I got suited; and,' she was good enough to add, 'we don't know but what a permanent engagement might come about, if we get on together.'

I declined with as good a grace as I could, politely but very decidedly; and then went upstairs to label the boxes and parcels which were to be sent down to the cottage, and make sundry other arrangements for a final flitting.

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## THE JUNGLE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

IN an interesting volume on the *Large and Small Game of Bengal*,<sup>[1]</sup> Captain J. H. Baldwin presents us with a peculiarly striking picture of field-sports pursued in the ample game-preserves of India. The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has, as is due, the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game, are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular fore-arms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: 'I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again

leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges.'

In his old age, when his teeth become worn, he not infrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a godsend by the whole neighbourhood.

A tiger when brought to bay often 'spits' exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries, which resemble the caterwauling of a whole squadron of gigantic Tom-cats. In making a charge the tiger utters a series of short vicious coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar. Tiger-hunting, even from elephant-back, is always accompanied with danger. One day when Captain Baldwin and a friend were out beating the bush for tigers, one of his beaters, a fine young man, 'foolishly crept forward to try and discover the actual spot where the tiger was hiding. He must have approached within a few feet of the animal, for it struck but one blow without moving or exposing its body, and dashed the unfortunate man with great violence to the bottom of a stony ravine.' He was rescued at once, but died the same evening, his skull having been fractured by the blow from the tiger's paw.

In tiger-shooting, when you discharge your piece, whether you hit or miss you must not move, but standing perfectly still, keep your eye on the animal and put in a fresh cartridge. Many lamentable accidents have occurred from sportsmen going rashly up to fallen tigers, erroneously supposing them to be dead. One or two stones should always be thrown first, to see what power of mischief is left in him, for it is quite possible that he may require another ball as a quietus.

A tiger cannot climb trees, but he can spring to a considerable height, and this should be remembered in shooting them from what are called machāns, a sort of framework of poles resting on the higher branches of a tree. An officer, some years ago, in Central India got into a tree which overhung a water-course to watch for tigers. He was a considerable way up the tree, but he did not advert to the fact that the high bank of the ravine behind him was almost on a level with him. In no long time a tiger came to drink, and he fired at and hit it, but failed to kill it; when the enraged brute rushed up the bank to the higher ground behind, and springing upon him, dragged him out of the tree, and bit and tore him so frightfully that he died very soon after he was rescued.

Powerful and ferocious as the tiger is, he is afraid of the wild-dog. A pack of these ravenous creatures, finding strength in their union, will set upon, kill, and devour a tiger.

In the opinion of some old Indian sportsmen, the panther is even more to be dreaded than the tiger. He is a large, powerful, thoroughly ferocious brute. In old age he also sometimes takes to man-eating, but not so often as the tiger does. Our author, however, gives an instance 'of one in Gwalior who had devoured over fifty human beings, and was the terror of the whole district.' One evening Captain Baldwin, along with a friend, was perched in a tree in an open part of the jungle, near the carcass of a cow, which had been killed as was supposed by a tiger. The body was covered with birds of prey struggling and fighting over it like so many feathered demons, when suddenly a great commotion occurred among the noisy diners-out, and with a whish-h-h of their heavy wings they left their dainty fare, and flew into the trees close by, making way as it appeared for their betters, for very soon a huge brute approached the carcass, and began to tear and gnaw at the flesh. 'A tiger!' whispered the captain to his companion. 'No; a very large panther,' answered the other, firing as he spoke, but not killing the animal. In a minute he recovered himself, and springing up, made straight for the tree. It was an ugly situation, for although a tiger cannot climb a tree, a panther can, as well as a cat. As he approached, another shot was fired at him, which passed between his fore-legs, and he paused and looked up. 'Never,' says our author, 'shall I forget the devilish expression of that terrible countenance.' An awful moment of suspense followed, during which Captain Baldwin contrived to give him his quietus.

The leopard resembles the panther, but is smaller, and altogether a less formidable animal. It never attacks man, and rarely shews fight unless brought to bay, when, like all the felidæ, it is more or less dangerous. The lynx, which is smaller than the leopard, is a rare animal; and the cheetah or hunting leopard is also comparatively seldom met with in a wild state.

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The bear, which we are accustomed to associate with cold countries, such as the north of Europe and North America, is also very frequently met with in the very hottest parts of India. Here, as in colder countries, he is a sagacious animal, and varies his carnivorous diet with berries, sugar-cane, honey, and every kind of insect he can get at. It is a mistake to suppose that they hug their victim to death; they draw him towards them with their paws, and bite him on the face or arm. A bear's paw, from the huge curved claws with which it is garnished, is a very terrible weapon. They almost invariably strike a man in the face; and Captain Baldwin tells us of a native named Dhun Singh, 'who was a most enthusiastic follower of the chase, and always joined our shooting-party in the hot-weather months, and who was, by a single blow from the fore-paw of a bear, disfigured for life in an instant, and left senseless on the field. He was afterwards such an awful object that I never could look at him without shuddering.'

The striped hyena is a native of India. He is an ugly cowardly brute, with an indescribably hideous cry. Goats, sheep, dogs, or a young child who has strayed from home, are his favourite prey. He never shews fight, but slinks away from the hunter's presence, much after the fashion of the wolf, who is also credited with a large amount of child-slaughter. A fearful loss of life is caused in this way in some districts by these brutes; and in common with the rest of the Indian carnivora, government offers a price for their destruction. The wild-dog is lighter in colour and

taller than the jackal. It is a gaunt, ungainly, ravenous creature, of wonderful speed and endurance. If once a pack get upon the track of any animal, its fate is sealed. They even attack tigers and bears, and as often as not get the best of it. In some parts of the jungle, the wild buffalo are very abundant; they are always found in herds, which sometimes consist of eighteen or twenty, but oftener only of five or seven. The bull is much larger than the cow, and when old is always dangerous.

The dense thick bush and tall reeds and grass which surround the *jheels* or solitary jungle lakes, are a favourite resort of buffalo. There they feed on the rich herbage, and approach the water by long tunnels in the grass and reeds. The extreme danger of encountering these creatures is graphically described by Captain Baldwin, who one evening, accompanied by a native, went down to one of these jungle lakes, and hearing something move in the long grass, had the temerity to enter a tunnel. Up to his ankles in mud, and with scarcely room to move or turn, he was straining his eyes to discover the game, when there was a sudden crash through the brushwood, and before he could bring his rifle into position, 'I was hurled,' he says, 'to the ground with astonishing quickness by a tremendous butt on the right shoulder, followed by a pair of huge knees on my chest, crushing me down. The buffalo then commenced butting me with his huge head. I was covered with foam from his vile mouth: most luckily the ground was very soft, or I must have been killed. I had fallen on my back, but managed, by clutching the root of a small tree, to draw myself from under him; but as I did so and turned over, he struck me a terrible blow on the back with his foot, breaking two ribs; and then I was powerless, and imagined all hope of escape to be over. He gave me a bad wound on the left arm, another dangerous one under the arm-pit, a third on the hip—all with his horns; and then I found myself lifted off the ground and thrown a tremendous somersault in the air.'

Stunned and bleeding, our unfortunate sportsman was pitched upon his head, and landed behind a low thorn-bush at the edge of the lake. More dead than alive, he had yet sufficient presence of mind to remain perfectly still. A few yards off he could see his shaggy foe, sniffing all over the scene of the late tragedy. Satisfied with his victory, the buffalo then raised his head, listened intently for a few minutes, and to the inexpressible relief of his victim, trotted off in another direction. Faint and dizzy, but feeling that he must make an effort to escape, Captain Baldwin rose, staggered about thirty paces and then fell over in a dead-faint. When he revived a little he found his Hindu servant, who had been far too terrified even to try to help him in his hour of need, crying over him, and trying to bind up his bleeding arm. In a moment he remembered all that had happened; and motioning to the man to be silent, he got him to help him to his feet, and with his assistance, staggered fifty yards farther, when exhausted nature again gave way, and he fell to the ground, able only to murmur in a faint voice: 'Water; bring me water!' The Hindu ran down to the lake with his master's hat, which he filled with water, and having given him a little to drink, poured the rest of it over his head. He then cut his linen coat into strips, dipped them in water, and with them bound up the wounds as well as he could. 'Now,' said his master, 'put your rifle at full cock on the ground beside me, and run for assistance as fast as you can.'

He obeyed, and the captain in this almost helpless state was left alone. Night was beginning to fall; and he could hear from time to time some animal moving behind him through the undergrowth of matted creepers and reeds; but he was too much exhausted either for curiosity or fear, and at last, through sheer weakness, fell into a doze, from which he was awakened by the glare of torches. A brother-officer, after a long search, had found him; and although it was many weeks before he could move hand or foot, he got at last all right again, and was as dashing a sportsman as before; only he ever afterwards took care to give a buffalo bull as wide a berth as possible—in which prudent precaution he is imitated even by the tiger. This latter tyrant of the jungle, red with the slaughter of scores of buffalo cows, is careful to treat with profound respect the grizzled patriarchs of the herd.

Wild elephants, which were once abundant in the dense forests at the foot of the Himalaya, are still plentiful in Assam and Burmah, where many are yearly caught and tamed for the use of the government. Elephant-shooting is prohibited, except when a wild elephant becomes dangerous, and is transformed from a peaceable denizen of the forest into the morose, sullen, and savage brute known as 'a rogue elephant.' The Indian rhinoceros is plentiful in Assam and in the Bootan jungles, and resembles an immense pig, with a long horn curving backwards at the end of the snout. If unmolested, it is harmless; but if assailed, it will make a furious charge, when its long horn is an ugly weapon to encounter.

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Wild hogs are very plentiful all through the scrub and brush jungle. Old males are armed with large semicircular tusks nine inches long. A more formidable antagonist than a wild boar with these tremendous weapons in full play need not be wished for. There is no cowardice about *him*; he is game to the backbone, and will fight to the last, and sell his life dear. 'Sportsmen have frequently been mauled,' Captain Baldwin says, 'in encounters with wild boars; and a European in the Customs Department near Jhansi many years ago lost his life, so fearfully was he gored by a hog which he had wounded.' The flesh of the wild boar roasted and eaten cold is delicious.

Passing over the various species of deer, each of which our author describes, we come to the Himalayan chamois and the thar, which frequent the rocky fastnesses of the Himalaya, and the hunting of which is quite as hazardous an amusement as hunting chamois among the mountains of Switzerland. As among the European Alps, so among the Himalayan Alps is the sportsman not only rewarded by the fascination of the sport itself, but by the surpassingly beautiful scenery amid which it is pursued. Above him rise the magnificent hills, dazzling in snowy grandeur, cleaving the skies with peaks which tower nine thousand feet higher than the highest mountain in Europe; below him in the distance spreads a varied and splendid landscape of hill, forest, and



river, with distant plains luxuriant with ripening crops, shading beneath his feet into shaggy stretches of woodland, penetrated by deep, well-nigh inaccessible chasms and glens, abysses of pine, and precipices, and foaming torrents, such as Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. Huge rugged crags tower like vast cathedrals above the giant trees, their crests covered with gentian and stone-crop; while round their base cling dark green clumps of rhododendrons, all ablaze with scarlet beauty, their blossoms shining like points of flame against the foliage of the splendid walnuts, and apricots behind, whose fruit at certain seasons literally strews the ground.

Camp-life in such a spot is beyond all things enjoyable. The atmosphere is clear and exhilarating; a sparkling streamlet gurgles across the little meadow in which your tent is pitched, diffusing a pleasant freshness around; radiant butterflies hover above the water, or alight like living gems upon the long fronds of the magnificent coronets which crown the giant tree-ferns. The ravine behind you, dark with forest, is vocal with the mellow notes of unfamiliar songsters. The eye, as you gaze, loses itself in a stupendous panorama of mountain peaks, rocky ridges, winding valleys, glittering streams, populous plains, and pathless fever-haunted jungles; while nearer, on the verge of the wood, a herd of ravine deer are feeding; lazily you watch them while you sip your coffee, all unconscious of the close proximity of a splendid wild blue sheep, which is gazing intently down at you from its bushy covert. Did you move? The motion was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible to yourself; but the startled creature rushes like an arrow down the grassy slope, and threading the ravine, rejoins the herd of its companions, to whom it immediately imparts the intelligence of your whereabouts, and in a moment they all make off, gliding shadow-like and swift along the precipitous mountain side.

India presents a wide field for the researches of the ornithologist, and is the native home of many of our feathered favourites, such as the peacock. This lovely bird, superb in its native forests, is accounted sacred by the Hindus. It delights in patches of jungle by the side of rivers, where on moonlight nights its shrill discordant cry may be often heard swelling the savage concert. The red jungle-fowl is very like the bantam in appearance, but its plumage is more brilliant, and like its *confrères* of the poultry-yard, it is very pugnacious.

There are six different kinds of pheasants in the Himalaya, most of them excellent for the table, and all of them more or less beautiful. There are also many varieties of partridge. The quail, which is always fat, is a *bonne bouche* fit for an epicure. Captain Baldwin says of it: 'A quail-pie or a quail-curry is a dish for a king.' There are four varieties of grouse, the largest of which is the sand-grouse, a very fine bird; but the monarch of Indian game-birds is the bustard. 'It is,' our author says, 'in my opinion the king of game-birds; and the value of its feathers, its excellence as a bird for the table, and last, though not least, the very great difficulty of shooting it, render it a prize to be much coveted.' The oobara is a small species of bustard; and to a certain extent a migratory bird. The floriken, one of the finest of Indian game-birds, has beautiful black and white plumage, and its flesh when cooked is peculiarly rich and delicate. There are two varieties of it; and several kinds of plover, which, however, are not abundant.

Different species of crane abound, as do wood-cock and snipe. Of the latter, as many as fifty or sixty couples are sometimes bagged in a day in a rice-field or by the edge of a swamp.

On the lakes and jheels in the north of India, below the Himalaya, thousands of wild-fowl congregate about the beginning of October on their way south. On the jungle swamps and lakes wild ducks of various kinds abound; wild geese are also common, as are several varieties of the shiellsdrake. In company with these migratory wild-fowl arrives the flamingo, a very beautiful bird, with brilliant rose-coloured feathers. It has, however, little except its beauty to recommend it, for when cooked, the universal verdict of the mess-table was, 'that it was a very poor bird.' During the cold season the bittern is plentiful in Northern India, and unlike the flamingo, is very good eating. On the banks of large rivers the curlew is sometimes found, and several kinds of green pigeons abound.

From birds, Captain Baldwin suddenly skips back to beasts, and gives us a sketch of the Indian hare. Of this little creature there are two varieties; and they seem to have as hard lines of it (especially in the neighbourhood of barracks) as their well-known congeners have at home. With a passing glance at this four-footed martyr, we bid adieu to a book which is well fitted to inspire not only a love of sport, but of natural history. Nowhere can this interesting science be studied to greater advantage than in these wide-spreading Himalayan jungles, where mountain torrents gurgling down the beautiful ravines, temper the air to delicious coolness; where great trees grow stately as masts, making a pleasant twilight with their lustrous unfamiliar foliage; where gorgeous flowers bespangle the greenery, and round the overhanging boughs our hothouse ferns cling with ample stems and giant fronds, forming bowers through which lovely bright-hued birds flit, and multitudes of insects find shelter, filling the otherwise silent noon of the tropics with their shrill incessant hum.

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#### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Henry S. King & Co. Price 21s.

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## SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

### IN TWO PARTS.

# PART I.—SUNSHINE.

## CHAPTER IV.—MISS ANGELA FAITHFUL.

ONE evening in the fourth week of our hero's stay in town, he took up a book while he was waiting for his chop, and a card fell on the floor. This card he discovered was to admit the bearer to a ball about to be held in the neighbourhood. When the landlady appeared, he asked if the card belonged to her. She said she had been looking everywhere for that card; they had had some to dispose of, and they had sold all but this one; a customer had wanted it, but as she could not find it, he had procured one elsewhere. Would Mr Webb like to buy it himself?

Mr Webb thanked her, but declined.

'Oh, well,' said she, 'it will be of no use now to us, as the ball begins at nine o'clock this evening. Perhaps you will accept this ticket, and make use of it?'

This, after a little consideration, Isaac was happy to do. It would pass away a few hours, and it would lead to no expense, as he observed that the ticket included refreshments. He did not suppose he should dance; he never had done such a thing, but there was no telling, if once his blood was up. So at eight o'clock Isaac donned a clean paper collar, took his well-tryed friends, his gray thread gloves, and walked leisurely to the place of entertainment. He arrived there about nine; and on presenting himself and his ticket, he was directed to the Master of the Ceremonies, a dapper little man with a short dress coat and very tight pumps, who did not seem capable of standing still for a minute. He received Isaac's name and ticket, and danced off with him to the ballroom; and throwing open the door, announced in a very shrill voice, 'Isaac Webb, Esquire, ladies and gentlemen.'

The ladies and gentlemen addressed consisted of an antique female in black silk mittens, and two youths elegantly attired in suits from Moses's establishment, one of whom was whistling a 'fast' tune, and the other sauntering about with his hands in his pockets. Each of them seemed particularly careful to give the mittened lady a wide berth, thus testifying to all whom it might or might not concern that they were not all members of the same party. Now these persons were evidently not *au fait* with the usages of polite society; for of course they ought not to have been in their places at the time named on their tickets, but should have been there at half-past nine at the earliest. But here they were, listening to the tuning and consequent grating of two violins and a harp, placed on a small platform at one end of the ballroom. A violoncello was also expected (so the Master of the Ceremonies in a whisper through the door informed the company), but had not yet arrived.

In the course of the next quarter of an hour several more squires and dames were announced; and the arrivals kept on increasing until half-past nine, by which time (the violoncello having put in an appearance and all things being ready) the Master of the Ceremonies (Mr Hoppe by name) opened the ball by the announcement of a polka. That individual seemed to take a particular interest in Isaac; perhaps on account of his countrified appearance, for Mr Batfid's productions had not been designed or intended for a ballroom; or perhaps because he was a complete stranger. At all events, he now suggested that Isaac should lead out the antique lady, to whom Mr Hoppe would be happy to introduce him, and polk with her. But Isaac declined the honour, saying that he 'was much obliged, but that he would wait a bit;' so the lady and himself were among the few who kept their seats.

Almost immediately afterwards the door was opened, and Miss Faithful and her niece Miss Angela Faithful, were announced. Miss Faithful looked about fifty-five or sixty years of age; she was tall and slight, and had evidently been a beauty in her day. Such was her niece now; there could be no two opinions about it. Even Isaac, who had no great appreciation of feminine charms, was sensible of it the instant she entered the room. She was tall, and her figure was beautifully shaped; she had dark hair and eyes, a brilliant complexion, and features almost faultless. Moreover, she was dressed quietly, but in excellent taste. Before Miss Angela Faithful had been in the room many minutes, Isaac became aware of a peculiar sensation wholly unknown to him. Unqualified admiration it certainly was; but anything more? Well, he could hardly tell. He certainly felt interested in her, and desirous of a better acquaintance. But he did not know how this was to be done. Of course the most natural and proper thing to do was to obtain an introduction, and ask her to dance; but for the first time in his life Isaac Webb did not feel unlimited confidence in his own powers. And the feeling was reasonable; for to attempt to dance in public without having learned either a step or a figure, is, to say the least, a hazardous and serious undertaking.

The two ladies did not remain alone many minutes, for while Isaac was observing them (at all events one of them), a young man advanced, with whom they were probably acquainted, for he took a seat beside them, and at the next dance—a quadrille—walked off with Miss Angela on his arm to join the set. Isaac watched them take their places, and watched her through every figure of the (to him) incomprehensible dance; and when it was ended, his eyes followed her round the room and back to her seat. Her partner then left her; but his place was almost immediately filled by a lean young man with yellow hair, who was brought up and introduced by Mr Hoppe. Again Isaac watched her take her place by her partner—this time in a waltz; and as he put his arm round her waist, and she placed her hand on his shoulder, Isaac thought he should like to be in a similar position; and as the yellow young man did not excel in the mazy dance, Isaac fancied he could make quite as good a performance of it. But he let the next dance begin; and towards the end of it he made his way to Mr Hoppe, and requested the favour of an introduction to Miss

Faithful.

'Do you mean the old lady?' asked the Master of the Ceremonies; 'because if you do, I warn you she is as deaf as a beetle, and if you talk so as to make her hear, you will have all the people in the room stand still to listen to you.'

'I mean the young lady,' said Isaac; 'and just tell me,' he added, 'the proper thing to say when you ask a person to dance.'

'We commonly say,' replied Mr Hoppe: "'May I have the honour of dancing this quadrille with you, if you are not engaged?'" But gentlemen may vary it according to taste.'

'All right; of course,' returned Isaac. Whereupon they walked to where Miss Angela Faithful, just left by her last partner, was sitting. Mr Hoppe went through the introduction; and Isaac, who, to tell the truth, felt very ill at ease, repeated the formula given him by the Master of the Ceremonies. Angela looked at her list of engagements, hoping to find she was bespoken for this dance, without remembering the fact; but such was not the case; so with a whispered 'With pleasure,' she took his arm, and they stood up in a polka.

When the dance commenced, Isaac never felt so uncomfortable in his life. Where to put his feet he didn't know, and where to turn he didn't know. If he turned one way, it was evidently contrary to his partner's expectations, for they pulled different ways; if he turned another, he ran a-muck into another couple; and this on one occasion was nearly attended with serious consequences; and it was only by tearing a rent in his partner's dress that he was able to save himself a sprawl upon the chalked floor. To the spectators the performance was very diverting. To see this long clumsy yokel floundering about with so handsome and graceful a girl and so good a dancer, put one in mind, as a gentleman remarked to his neighbour, of the Beauty and the Beast. At length, after two or three turns round the room, Isaac was obliged to give in; not indeed through any feeling that he was making an exhibition of himself (for of that he was wholly unconscious), but from sheer inability to keep his footing any longer. With his head in a whirl, he conducted his partner to a seat and fell into one himself. At the end of a few minutes, she retired from the ballroom to get the rent in her dress made whole; and when she was gone, Isaac sought out Mr Hoppe, and asked him if he could tell him who the lady was and whence she came.

Mr Hoppe could only inform him that she lived somewhere in Holloway with her deaf aunt, her present chaperon; that her father and mother were dead; and that the only relative she had nearer than the aforesaid aunt, that he knew of, was a brother living abroad.

Isaac hinted about money.

'Oh,' said the little man, rather amused, 'she is not badly off in that respect; for she has a nice little bit from her mother, and considerable expectations from her aunt, I have heard.'

O Isaac, you are a deep dog! But you had no idea that on the other side of the canvas partition by which you were standing were a pair of ears, intently taking in every word that passed—the possessor of those ears being Miss Angela Faithful. No, Isaac; you simply thought that here was the very object you were in quest of, and that you must pursue the subject further.

## CHAPTER V.—OUR HERO IS FULFILLING HIS DESTINY.

In a few minutes after the foregoing conversation, the fair subject of it returned to the ballroom somewhat flushed, thereby heightening the effect of her charms, as Isaac acutely observed. She returned to her original seat beside her aunt, and in lieu of conversation smiled once or twice upon that lady. It was indeed of no use to talk, as Mr Hoppe had remarked, and the usual medium of communication—a slate and pencil—had been forgotten and left at home.

Isaac arose from his seat in order to obtain a better view of his charmer; for as certain reptiles are said to be influenced by dulcet sounds, so was that wily creature Isaac Webb under the spell of female beauty. And not merely beauty. 'A nice little bit' from a mother, and 'considerable expectations' from an aunt, formed a most delightful *tout ensemble* and subject for reflection. So he stood and watched her for a few minutes with his hands in his pockets, and nervously balancing himself first on one leg and then on the other, until at length he began to flutter himself, as it were, towards his siren; just as a sombre moth beats about a strong light ere it offers itself up, a willing victim, on the pyre of its own supineness. Besides, Isaac was the more attracted towards her by reason of the furtive glances which the young lady cast in his direction; for although she was surrounded by a number of young men—other moths of varied hue—still their attentions did not seem to satisfy her; and so it happened that Isaac finally took unto himself what appeared to be (even to his unsophisticated mind) a half-bashful, yet a wholly meaning and appealing glance, and joined the circle of admiring swains. He speedily, with Miss Angela's co-operation, found himself near her, and when opportunity offered, volunteered to conduct her to the refreshment buffet—an invitation that was promptly accepted; so he in triumph led her off, to the no small surprise and vexation of his jealous rivals. Arrived at the buffet, he handed, with the most feeble attempt at graceful politeness, such comestibles and beverages as his fair partner would partake of, with no further mishap than the breakage of a wine-glass and the imperilling of a large glass epergne by collision with his elbow, and the consequent vibration of the structure to its very foundation. The light repast now under discussion brought to his recollection the more important one of supper; and our hero, who had become quite a gallant by this time, broached the subject to his companion, assuring her with all the warmth of which he was capable that 'he was certain he wouldn't be able to swallow a morsel unless she was by him to give his food a relish,' and as he beautifully expressed himself in

metaphor, 'sharpen his appetite like a strop does a razor.'

How could any young lady take upon herself the responsibility of a hungry gentleman's enforced fast? Angela felt that *she* could not, so promised to accompany Isaac to supper; reminding him, moreover, that he must engage her for the dance immediately preceding that gastronomic event. This her admirer pledged himself to do; swallowing with a gulp the fears that would intrude themselves as to what the effect of the dance would be upon his appetite. All he hoped was that it wouldn't be a waltz, a polka, or a schottische; and in this frame of mind he returned with his partner to the ballroom. {235}

'I have been looking for you, Angela; will you sing a song?'

Isaac turned round, and recognised in the speaker the young man who had been Angela's partner in her first dance that evening. He bowed slightly to her companion as he paused for her reply.

'With the orchestral accompaniment?' she asked.

'Certainly, if you prefer it,' he answered; 'but a piano has been brought in, and your voice may possibly feel more at home with that.'

'But I do not like to be the first to begin,' she urged diffidently.

'Oh, never mind about that; there is no one here can do it better, I'll engage; and if it will add to your courage, I will play the accompaniment, or turn over the leaves for you, whichever you like.'

'O no; you must accompany me. But it was the merest chance that I brought any songs with me.' With that, she bowed to her late partner, took the young gentleman's arm, and walked over to the piano.

In a few minutes her voice rose above the chat and murmur of the ballroom, and the purity of its tone and the unaffected and pleasing manner of the singer, enforced silence even among those who were not music-lovers. Among these Isaac might certainly be included; for beyond the performances on a harmonium in Dambourne End church on Sundays and an occasional German band or barrel organ on week-days, his opportunities of hearing music had been exceedingly limited. But perhaps it was this very ignorance of the subject that caused him now to drink in with the greatest delight—an almost exaggerated delight—every note and every word that fell from the charming songstress's lips. The composition itself was of no particular merit; it was simply a melodious English ballad; but the voice and manner of the singer, assisted by the tasteful execution of the accompaniment, seemed to fascinate all present, and a unanimous burst of applause at the conclusion testified to their appreciation of the performance.

And now dance and song followed each other in quick succession, and Isaac was unable to get near Angela, or even to catch her eye, for she had been so much sought after, and had joined in almost every dance. She was indeed the belle of the evening; and many eyes other than those of Isaac followed her as she threaded the intricacies of the Lancers or Caledonians, or was whirled along by her partner in the giddy waltz or polka.

As for Isaac, he had, to his great comfort, remained quite unnoticed, except on one or two occasions, when his fascinated gaze had led him from his vantage-ground against the wall, and he had found himself among the dancers. On each of these occasions he had suffered much, having been severely jostled by one couple, his favourite corns trodden on by a second, and himself finally sent back with a bound to his former position against the wall by a third. Nor did he obtain sympathy from any of them—nothing but scowls.

## CHAPTER VI.—A PRESSING INVITATION.

At length Mr Hoppe, in obedience to a previous request from Isaac, came to inform him that at the conclusion of the next dance—a quadrille—there would be an adjournment for supper. Our hero took this opportunity of asking about the gentleman by whom Angela's song was accompanied.

'I can give you no account at all, sir,' said the Master of the Ceremonies; 'though there are not many gents in this neighbourhood that I have not some knowledge of.'

Isaac meanwhile looked about for Angela, and soon discovered her sitting with her aunt and the unknown gentleman.

'You come to claim your engagement,' she said, as she rose and took his arm.

'You look tired,' remarked Isaac, feeling he must say something, and the fact of her looking tired and flushed having struck him first. 'Besides,' he thought, 'women like to be told they look tired.'

'Do you think so?' she replied with a slight blush, as they walked round the room. 'I should scarcely have thought you would have noticed it; but I *am* rather tired,' she continued, 'as I have been dancing a great deal; and besides that, I feel excited as well, for I have had a very unexpected pleasure to-day. My dear brother, who has been abroad for some years, returned to London to-day without giving us any notice of his coming. He arrived at our house a very short time before we started here, and as he would not hear of my giving up the ball, he came too.'

'Was it your brother who played for you when you sang?' asked Isaac.

'Yes,' she replied. 'It is an old song we learned together many years ago; and as he is a very ready player, it was no trouble to him to accompany me.'

While they thus conversed, the quadrille had been formed, and now the dance was just about to

begin.

'Shall you mind very much if we do not dance this time?' inquired Angela of her companion.

'Not at all,' answered Isaac, much relieved; 'not if I may talk to you instead,' he added shyly.

He had committed himself now to a task far more difficult to him than even dancing a quadrille; for of what topics to choose as conversation with the fair creature by his side, he had not the slightest idea. So they walked on in awkward silence.

'Would you mind making me known to your brother?' Isaac at length asked.

'I will with pleasure,' she returned; and seeing him approach in their direction, she caught his arm, and introduced him to Mr Webb as her brother Herbert, from abroad.

'Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr Webb,' said he. And then, after a pause, and with an almost imperceptible glance at Isaac's clothes and general appearance, he continued: 'If it is not a rude question, are you a resident in London, or merely making a short stay in it?'

Isaac hated to be questioned; but he *must* answer; there was no help for it. 'I am staying for a time here,' he said vaguely, 'but my regular home is in the country.' {236}

'Staying with friends, I suppose?' pursued Mr Faithful, not at all abashed.

'No,' answered Isaac; 'I am staying at a coffee-house.'

'You must find it dull sometimes,' said his irrepressible questioner; 'but I presume you have friends in the neighbourhood, or some business to occupy your time and attention?'

Isaac thought it might save further questioning if he gave a little voluntary information.

'I am staying in London for a few weeks for a little change,' he replied. 'I have no friends here, nor any particular business; but I am used to being much alone, so that I do not find it dull.'

'That will not, I hope, prevent me improving my acquaintance with you. I am at present staying with my aunt; in fact, I only arrived in London this afternoon, so have had no time to seek other lodging, even if I do so at all. But speaking in my aunt's name as well as in my own, I hope you will favour us with a call. You will excuse my card, for I have not one with me; but I daresay aunt has her case in her pocket, as she seldom used to go anywhere without it.—Do you mind feeling for it, Angela?'

She presently returned with a card, to which her brother added his name. 'We shall be glad to see you at any time,' he said, handing it to Isaac; 'but possibly the evening may suit you better than any other time, and if so, you will be more likely to find me in.'

Really, notwithstanding his questions at the commencement of their conversation, he was, Isaac considered, a very agreeable person; for he had given him the very opportunity he sought, the difficulty of obtaining which had exercised his mind during his sojourn by the ballroom wall. He did not consider it singular in the least that Herbert Faithful should have pressed such an invitation upon him, a total stranger. No; he was evidently a man of quick discernment, and had at once probed through, with his mind's eye, a portion of the crust of Isaac's reserve, and had discovered some of the precious metal beneath.

Any further conversation at the time was prevented by a general move towards the supper-room; and Herbert, asking his two companions to wait for him, presently brought up the aunt, and the four went into the supper-room together. During the meal, Herbert made himself particularly agreeable; so much so, that Isaac threw off a little more of the crust of his reserve, even going so far as to mention Dambourne End, and to give out a slight glimmer of his own importance in that place as a landowner. The supper, after the manner of such entertainments, was not a protracted one, and passed off, so far as our party was concerned, with no further contre-temps than was occasioned by Isaac, in the exuberance of his feelings, inadvertently tilting his chair so that he came in contact with the back-comb of a middle-aged lady who was sitting back to back with him, thereby forcing that useful ornament into her scalp. A loud scream was the result; but the lady was more startled than hurt, and after apologies more or less awkward from Isaac, she regained her composure and her appetite, and harmony was restored.

After supper, Angela danced but once, and after singing a duet with her brother, came with him to Isaac to say good-night. He accompanied them and their aunt to their cab; and after promising to call upon them very soon, they drove off, and he returned to the ballroom. But the place was now without any interest for him; so after wondering within himself that his heart should have been so easily and speedily reached, and with a new and indescribable feeling of loneliness upon him, he bade Mr Hoppe good-night, after an ineffectual attempt on that individual's part to get at Isaac's habitation and business; and having made no other acquaintance whatever in the room, he obtained his hat and departed to his coffee-house.

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## A MEDIUM'S CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Americans usually plume themselves upon being the 'smartest' people under the sun; but as an acute writer observes, the very admiration they bestow upon shrewdness shews that the quality is really rare among them. Your ideal American, spry as a fox, supple as an eel, 'cute as a weasel, would have a bad time of it if his countrymen generally were equally spry, supple, and

cunning. Charlatans and impostors can only thrive in a credulous community, and in no country in the world do the pestilent creatures ply such a profitable trade as in the Great Republic. In almost every newspaper and popular periodical published in America, wizards, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and seeresses 'born with a veil,' advertise their readiness to supply psychometrical, phrenological, and planetary readings, or solve all difficulties relating to business, love, trouble, and disease, for some fifty cents or so; while mediums of every variety offer their services to any one requiring spiritual help—and willing to pay for it.

One of these tricksters, practising in New York, lately came to grief in a curious way. Prudently dispensing with the paraphernalia usually affected by the craft, Medium Flint adopted a simpler and less risky method of swindling, merely undertaking for a fee of two dollars to act as a medium of communication between his patrons and their friends in the spirit-world. Any one desirous of obtaining news or advice from that mysterious debatable land had only to send him a letter addressed to a spirit and securely fastened; unless that were done, it would not be answered; Flint's agency being only efficient when his mind was blank and passive to both questions and answers, and delivering in his own handwriting simply and precisely what was dictated to him by the spirit communicating. Of course the recipients of these proxy-written spirit-replies never doubted their genuineness, especially as they came accompanied with their own epistles with their covers *intact*.

Unfortunately for himself, Mr Flint gave his wife—'a spiritualist herself, but not of the same kind as her husband'—good cause to leave his house; and the abused lady carried away with her not only the little apparatus by whose aid he unsealed the communications of his dupes, but the book in which the rascal copied them and the answers he manufactured; and to make matters worse for the unlucky medium, Mrs Flint thought proper to publish a selection from his correspondence, 'to warn people against quack spiritualists,' and serve for the entertainment of all not concerned. It serves to shew too how widespread the belief in spiritualism is in the States; for Flint's customers are of all grades, from the humble individual whose highest ambition is to occupy a clerk's stool, to an ambassador-elect, anxious to settle a doubtful point respecting his pedigree, before leaving his country to represent it at the Court of St James.

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Flint warned his patrons of the necessity of putting their questions briefly, clearly, and distinctly, 'the mixed kind defeating the object of the investigation.' The hint was thrown away upon most of them. A young lady signing herself 'Miss Fany Crosby,' with a confusing contempt for the rules of spelling and punctuation, thus addressed her dear mother: 'Can you tell me if I will be developed the time you told me I Wold thrue Mr Foster if not tell me When if you can Will I be a good Medium Will I wright impressnoley or Makonakley Will I be a seeking Medium Will I ever see you the same as eny spiret While in the body can all of our dear Spiret Friends controle me When I am developed as Will I be controled by a Guid to home they will Dicktate will Ida alwayse Treate me as she does now will she Mary and do well will Dear Mattei Ever have Meny children. Will they be Gurls or Boys where can I Find Some of Aunt Rachels Boys is she with you and is she hapy is Gand Mother on your sid yet will Liddia out live Harry Can she Be developed as a Medium Will I ever be welthy can Amandy be a Medium how long shall we stay in this house will I go into the country this Summer to Liddias is Ida going to Die soon.'

Miss 'Fany' is but one of many aspirants to the doubtful honours of mediumship, who, anxious as they may be to receive an affirmative answer to the question, 'Shall I become a medium?' are not prepared to accept it as a full equivalent for their two dollars. A would-be clairvoyant writes to his father: 'I would like to know how you are. What have they done with your property in Bray? Will I ever get any portion of it? Please give me advice on business matters. Give me all the help you can.' Another affectionate son asks his father for 'points' in the patent business. Nathan Crane is desired to instruct his nephew whether it were best to sell his business or hold on. Fred Felton wants his brother to tell him if his partner may be trusted, and if the firm would do wisely to decline giving credit to customers; while a gentleman 'engaged in making Nature's Hair Restorer,' entreats Brother William to give his personal attention to the matter, and inform him what is the best plan to adopt to make the Restorer pay a profit very soon; although he betrays a sad want of faith in the virtues of that article, by pestering a number of denizens of the spirit-world for recipes for the manufacture of hair restoratives, in the expectation of obtaining valuable information at a trifling cost; like a litigant who asks the shade of Daniel Webster for legal assistance concerning certain lawsuits; as if it were likely that even a disembodied lawyer would give professional advice gratis!

A lady sends a loving greeting to her departed cousin Phœbe, fully believing the lost one watches over her, and asks: 'Can you see mamma and I in our daily life here? Can you see my dear loved George? How long before he will be free from the unlawful bond now entangling and oppressing him? Will Georgie return to me this autumn? How soon will we be wedded?' A widower propounds a few 'live questions' to his dead 'wife in heaven,' and wants to know if she is happy; if she can come back to earth, or desires to do so; if dear little baby is with her; and if she can find any medium in Philadelphia through whom he could communicate with her. Another widower, not without hope of finding consolation for his loss, wishes his lamented wife to tell him if he had better sell his business and go to Europe with his patent rails, or remain where he is and marry Miss Boyd. Jealousy is not supposed to exist in the spirit-world, or Camilla Stick would scarcely invite her defunct husband to enlighten her as to the intentions of a certain gentleman by informing her whether Mr W— loves her and will marry her, or whether he rather inclines to 'Cora,' and will visit that damsel when he goes to Philadelphia. Less excuse for his inquisitiveness respecting other folk's feelings has Mr Key, who writes to his brother: 'Can you tell me if my niece Marie will recover and be a well and strong girl; and who she is in love with? What are my

prospects in New York, and had I better remain here, or go home to my father? Also if my tickets in the Louisville lottery will gain me a prize, and what do you think of cotton declining? Will Mr Zoborowski do anything for me, and does he really like me? Does my sister feel sorry for what she has done? Will Anna Zoborowski marry a foreigner? Does she love any other person? Does Alexander love Marie? and does Alores love Anna? Good-bye, my dear brother. Can you give me the names of some friends in the spirit-world?' The credulity demonstrated in these and such other ridiculous questions almost exceeds belief. And this in a country boasting of its education and its shrewdness!

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## AN IRISH MISTAKE.

FOR more than twenty years it has been my custom to recruit myself every autumn with a walking tour of over a month's duration. By this means I have seen more of these islands than any one of my acquaintance, and have had peeps into the inner life of the people such as few tourists obtain.

In doing this, I never overstrained myself, as is now too often the fashion. I walked just so far as I pleased, and rested when nature or my inclination gave me the hint. Sometimes my journeys were made in the cool of the evening, sometimes in the early morning; often I slept in the cabin of some labourer, and not once or twice, but a dozen times, have been forced to make my lodging under the lee of some friendly hay-rick.

One of these autumns, over ten, and less than twenty years ago, I made the west of Ireland the field of my operations. Starting from Galway, in a little less than three weeks' time I beheld the broad waters of Corrib, Mask, and Conn—had lost myself in the wildernesses under the shadow of Croagh Patrick—and looked with awe at the bold headlands of Mayo, against which the restless Atlantic beats with a ceaseless roar.

By the evening of the twenty-first day, I found myself at Ballina, my mind full of indecision as to how I should occupy the week or ten days I had yet to spare. To go back over the same ground, I looked on as a waste of time; to plunge inland was to doom myself to days of weary trudging through rather uninteresting country. After deliberation, I decided to head for Sligo, feeling sure that the beauties of Lough Gill would well repay me my long walk thither. {238}

Next morning I was up early, and, knapsack on back and stick in hand, started off on my journey.

For the first mile or two, the road was level and easy; but presently its character changed, and the country around grew poor and wild. It seemed a land drenched with constant showers, and beat upon by constant gales. There was nothing to charm me in anything I saw, so I hurried on.

After ten hours' almost constant walking, the country began to improve, and presently I found myself in the little village of Ballysadare. Here I halted, for, as may be expected, I was both tired and hungry.

A good dinner, however, soon made a wonderful change in me for the better. There were still a couple of hours to pass before dark, and how better could I employ them than by attempting to cover in an easy way the five miles yet between me and Sligo? Once there, I could make up by a day's idleness for this day of extra exertion. So, after a short rest, I shouldered my knapsack, grasped my stick, and started off again.

Once clear of the village, the country began rapidly to improve, and the scenery at one or two spots was so pleasant, that I was tempted to loiter. I was not more than half the way, when I suddenly awakened to the fact that night was beginning to fall about me fast.

'I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that's certain,' I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. 'However, the sooner I get there the better.'

Presently, I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take, a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my lonely figure, the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

'Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honour goin' my way?' said a full round voice. 'It's myself that's mighty fond of company o' nights about here.'

'I don't know what *your* way may be,' I replied. 'I wish to go to Sligo.'

'Ah, thin, an' it's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I'd be afther goin' to myself,' answered the driver. 'But your honour looks tired—manin' no offince—an' perhaps you'd take a lift in the gig?'

'Thank you; I will take a lift,' I replied, as I stepped forward and sprang quickly to the seat. 'The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say.'

'An' has your honour walked far?' asked the driver, as the gig rolled on towards the town.

'I've walked from Ballina since morning,' I replied quietly.

'From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!' cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. 'Why, that's a day's work for the best horse in the masher's stables.'

'Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us,' I answered.

'The best in all the county, your honour, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that.'

'Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?'

'Yes, your honour; an' if he'd stick to that, it's himself'd be the best liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people.'

'Oh, ah; I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections,' I replied. 'But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?'

'They'd turn upon their own father, if he wint agin them,' replied the driver solemnly. 'See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!'

'Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?'

'Thru for ye, your honour, thru for ye,' replied the man dolefully. 'There nivir was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who's to be mimbir.'

'Then I'm just in time to see the fun.'

'Fun, your honour?' echoed the man. 'It's not meself that'id object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' agin. But it's murther your honour'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?'

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

'I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there,' I replied. 'It's some animal, most likely.'

'Down in the sate! down, for your life!' cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. 'I—'

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one if not two bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. 'Are you hurt?' I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

'I'm kilt, kilt intirely!' he moaned.

'Aisy now, aisly there, your honour!' cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. 'It's all a mistake, your honour, all a mistake!'

'Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!' cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; 'we'll all be murdered!'

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

'What's the meaning of this?' I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. 'Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?'

'I'm raale downright sorry, your honour,' replied the man in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; 'but ye see you're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him.—Where's that fellow Michael?'

As he said this, the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed {239} outright at the strangeness of the affair.

'Go away with ye, go away!' moaned the driver. 'Murther! thaves! murther!'

'Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril you,' said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. 'You're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up, an' take the reins, or I'll'—

'Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven!' cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. 'I'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away.'

'There,' replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; 'will that plase ye? Now, tell me where's Squire O'Neil?'

'He's in the town be this,' replied the driver. 'O thim politics, thim politics!'

'Hum; so he's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it's an ounce of lead out of this he'll be after trying to digest. Now, mind.'

'I'll tell him, captain, dear! I'll tell him,' replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. 'But mayn't we go on now? mayn't we go on?'

'Yis, whiniver the gentleman plases,' replied the man. 'An' I'm raale sorry, as I told your honour, I'm raale sorry at the mistake.'

'Well, I'm pleased, not sorry,' I replied, laughing, 'for if you'd hit me, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night.'



'Good-night, your honour, good-night,' cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets, and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival, I asked to be shewn to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that wakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for 'the sarjint.' Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent out to them, 'to tear him limb from limb.' Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall, military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

'They don't seem over-fond of me, I see,' he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

'Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen,' he said in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. 'You shall have the honour of my company so soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you.'

'Eh, what! what does he mean?' I asked of a person next me. 'Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?'

'That is just what he is going to do,' replied my companion. 'There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!'

As my companion spoke, he griped me by the arm, and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment, a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then, at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road-metal and broken glass. Presently, there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush, I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

'It's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out,' he said in reply. 'Ah, there he is.'

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so, the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig, the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning, the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

'A near nick that for our friend,' said the squire in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. 'But the next will be nearer still, and I've nearly half-a-dozen still left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone?'

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

'No? you won't oblige me,' he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: 'Out of my way, you scoundrels! Faugh-a-ballagh!'

At the word, he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot with head erect, and bearing as proud as if she knew a conqueror sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left, leaving a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gaily as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared, the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently, without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

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Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

'WHILE out for a walk the other day we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cap Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the roadside which looked at a little distance like a long thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near, but curiosity prevailed, and upon closer inspection we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up; but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader: this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little while they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way into the line lower down. A little farther on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when they met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight; but such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

'We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests.'

In an interesting little work on *Insect Architecture*, published in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their processional habits. The writer says: 'It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nest, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars, therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveller has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting.' Further remarks are made of two species 'more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marchings.' 'These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain. The one named by Réaumur the Processionary (*Cnethocampa processionea*) feeds upon the oak; a brood dividing, when newly hatched, into one or more parties of several hundred individuals, which afterwards unite in constructing a common nest, nearly two feet long and from four to six inches in diameter. It is not divided into chambers, but consists of one large hall, so that it is not necessary that there should be more openings than one; and accordingly, when an individual goes out and carpets a path, the whole colony instinctively follow in the same track, though, from the immense population, they are often compelled to march in parallel files from two to six deep. The procession is always headed by a single caterpillar; sometimes the leader is immediately followed by one or two in single file, and sometimes by two abreast. A similar procedure is followed by a species of social caterpillar which feeds on the pine in Savoy and Languedoc, and their nests are not half the size of the preceding; they are more worthy of notice from the strong and excellent quality of their silk, which Réaumur was of opinion might be advantageously manufactured. Their nests consist of more chambers than one, but are furnished with a main entrance, through which the colonists conduct their foraging processions.'

The lady whose remarks are recorded above has since written that the species she observed feeds upon the pine-trees in the neighbourhood of Mentone.—S. W. U. in *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip*.

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## THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

(TRANSLATION, FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

THE tomb asked of the rose:

'What dost thou with the tears, which dawn  
Sheds on thee every summer morn,

Thou sweetest flower that blows?'

The rose asked of the tomb:

'What dost thou with the treasures rare,  
Thou hidest deep from light and air,

Until the day of doom?'

The rose said: 'Home of night,

Deep in my bosom, I distil  
Those pearly tears to scents, that fill

The senses with delight.'

The tomb said: 'Flower of love,

I make of every treasure rare,  
Hidden so deep from light and air,

A soul for heaven above!'

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